

# The Cape Weekly Tribune

AND THE CAPE COUNTY HERALD

AN INDEPENDENT NEWSPAPER—ABSOLUTELY CLEAN AND FIT FOR ANY MEMBER OF THE FAMILY TO READ

Volume XVI

CAPE GIRARDEAU, MISSOURI, FEBRUARY 27, 1914

Number 9

## IS YOUR NEIGHBORHOOD REPRESENTED? IF NOT, SEND A NOMINATION IN TODAY

Several Have Sent in Their Own Names Intending to Win One of Those Costly Prizes Which Are Given Away Absolutely Free

## YOU CAN WIN IF YOU WILL BUT ONLY TRY!

The Fine 20-Acre Free Farm and the Handsome Piano Are Well Worth Striving For—Be a Live Wire and Win One of These Valuable Prizes

The Tribune 20-Acre Free Farm and Handsome Piano Contest is just beginning. The race will not be in full bloom for a couple of weeks, so now is the time to start, for the early bird catches the worm. If you start now you will stand a fine chance of being among the winners when the contest closes. This is the time, the place and you are the person.

### Are Interested in the Race.

The friends, neighbors, acquaintances and relatives are becoming greatly interested in the contest and are clipping the coupons and voting for their favorite. However, the contestants and their friends will find that the quickest and more productive way to secure votes is to get subscriptions to the Daily and Weekly Tribune. The Contest Manager is issuing printed matter to aid in the campaign and contestants and their friends are invited to call at the office and secure some free of charge. If you cannot call, write or telephone and it will be sent to you.

### Show You Want to Win.

Your efforts are what count now. After you get started and show your friends you want to win, they will come to your aid and you will have no trouble in securing votes. Why not drop in at the office and talk the matter over with the contest manager? If you can't come, write or phone him.

Remember that out of town folks have the same chance of winning as those living in the Cape, for the contest is not limited to any particular locality and thousands of votes can be secured in the neighboring towns and R. D. routes. In fact, there are still some towns not yet represented at all. Everyday is nomination day.

### Contest Gains Ground.

The big contest is certainly gaining ground day by day and no one can anticipate what height this good natured tug-of-war will attain. Certain it is that 95 per cent of the people in the territory of the contest are directly interested in the outcome and before another two weeks have elapsed the other 5 per cent will be closely watching the race.

### The Capital Prize.

For those who may not be thoroughly familiar with the great offer that we are making, we will briefly state again, that we will present an absolute free and clear deed to a fine productive 20-acre farm, three room cottage, barn, chicken house, etc., located along the C. G. & N. Railroad, with a station 100 yards from the dwelling; plenty of fruit, such as cherries, berries, pears, peaches, plums, etc., in good bearing condition on the property; two never-failing springs of good water and a cistern; 12 families living within sight of this modern country home; located about midway between the beautiful city of Cape Girardeau and Jackson, the County seat town, and just a little north of the famous Cape Girardeau and Jackson gravel road, the most traveled and best public road in the county. All of this is going to be given away without a cent of cost to the fortunate contestant who secures the highest number of votes in this contest. Isn't it well worth working for? It sure is.

### Second Grand Prize.

We are also going to give away a handsome Piano as the second prize to the person securing the next highest number of ballots in the great Tribune Contest. The lucky person will get a fine piano for just a little effort on their part. And the best of it is that it will not cost the contestant one penny to secure either the farm or the piano. A little work is all that is needed. The piano will be on exhibition soon in one of The Tribune's large front windows. A picture of the farm buildings and view of the land will be published in a few days. Watch for it.

### Get a Subscription Book.

If you have not yet entered this

The list of names of candidates in the Great Free Farm Prize Contest are now being published. Look over the list carefully and if the name of your favorite does not appear, call up the Contest Manager or anyone in the office and give in the name. There are still many towns and rural routes that are not yet represented and there's no doubt there are many in these same towns and on these same rural routes who would like to win one of the prizes. If some one would nominate them. Can't you think of someone in your neighborhood who would like to win one of the valuable prizes? Or some one in your own family? Just write their name and address on a piece of paper—if you can't find a nomination blank—and bring or mail it to the Contest Manager. Then he will write and explain the proposition to the candidate.

great popularity contest call upon or write to the Contest Manager for a contest subscription receipt book and other printed matter and commence work among your friends. You will be surprised to learn how easily you can pile up thousands of votes between now and the close of the contest and you can easily win a place that will entitle you to one of the valuable prizes.

Remember that this contest is just an infant as yet and that no one has a start that cannot be easily overcome.

### Let Your Friends Know.

There is nothing to be ashamed of in this contest. If you are going to be a candidate, be one. Don't place yourself on record, as being in the "receptive class". Either of the prizes are well worth the time and effort it will require to win them. Active, aggressive, concentrated energy is the fabric of which success is woven, and so far as known there is no determined Columbus poking around in dark corners to discover concealed talent and forbiddance.

Come out in the open and be a candidate with all your heart. Let your friends know it, and they'll let their friends know it.

### Harvest the Votes.

The preliminary skirmish has not yet commenced, to say nothing of the real battle. Send your name in today and be ready for the fray. Get your complete equipment, a goodly supply of ammunition, plan and "engage the enemy." Take him prisoner and make him ransom himself with a year's subscription or several years for that matter to the Daily and Weekly Tribune. He'll do it, cheerfully, when he finds that you mean business and intend to land one of those big prizes.

### Win the Five Dollar Gold Piece.

A \$5.00 gold piece will be presented to the person who nominates the contestant who wins the farm. Also 10 per cent commission will be paid on all money sent to the Tribune each week for subscriptions.

A committee of three prominent gentlemen will take charge of the contest on the last day and award the prizes as the verdict of the votes decide. Everything is on the square in this contest.

### Send For List of Subscribers.

Contestants are invited to send to this office and get the list of subscribers in their respective neighborhoods. Renewals and back subscriptions count just as fast as new subscriptions.

Fill out the nomination blank and free 10-vote ballot and nominate yourself or friend today. See the Rules and Regulations for amount of subscription and the number of votes awarded. And then get busy. The contest is yet young and just beginning to toddle about a bit.

(Continued on Page 5.)

## TWO GHOSTS SCRAP ON BENTON HILL

Psychic Phenomena Frightens Haug Boys Almost to Death

## SPIRITS BATTLE TO FINISH

Horror Stricken Youngsters Have Not Yet Recovered Mental Equilibrium

Saturday night at about 10:30 o'clock three badly bedraggled, mud smeared, pasty pale faced young men came into Haug almost too frightened to talk, too excited to keep still and too horror stricken to relate the full details of their gruesome experiences without friendly urgency and assurances from their listeners.

It seems that they were out hunting possums in the woods about four miles west of town, when they were attracted by a peculiar light emanating from the summit of what is known as "Benton Hill." The illumination they stated was of a pallid, green color, and lighted up and made plain the topmost branches of the tallest trees surrounding this promontory which is located at the crossing of the old Benton and Bloomfield roads.

Curiosity to ascertain the source of this weird and phantasmic vision prompted the boys to investigate. They cautiously approached the edge of the timber that they might have an unobstructed view of whatever scenes were being enacted in the cross-roads. When they had reached a point some thirty yards distant from the object of their search their gaze came in contact with a sight that fairly chilled the marrow in their bones, froze the blood in their veins and paralyzed the nerves in their bodies. They were too frightened to retreat and their eyes seemed glued as if by hypnotic influence, to the form of a headless giant garbed in a long, filmy robe of white, and carrying in one hand an immense lantern which shed its ghostlike rays with luminous effect for hundreds of feet in all directions. The free arm almost touched the ground, the hand was gnarled and knotted, the fingers appeared to be almost a foot in length, and each nail sent out scintillating sparkles that would render the most glittering stone in the king's crown a cheap imitation of a paste diamond. The head seemed to have been torn from the upper cervical, and from the rough and jagged edges of bruised and lacerated flesh the blood gushed and spurted continuously, staining and saturating the goaty garb and rendering the object most hideous to behold. Suddenly stopping as if having discovered something in its search, the vision set its lantern down, stooped and picked up in its claw like hands a monstrous human head which it caressed and fondled for a few seconds, when the mammoth jaws separated, and from the cavernous mouth there escaped a deep, mournful wail quickly followed by a succession of piercing screams that reverberated through the silent woods in a manner calculated to drive fear into the strongest heart and render helpless the reasoning of the best balanced mind.

To add to the horrors of the situation just at this time another apparition of most hideous form and features wildly waving its long flail-like arms and uttering continued deep guttural sounds not unlike the angry growlings of an approaching tornado, suddenly made its appearance on the roadside and without hesitation bitter conflict with the mysterious spectral form first making its appearance. The ghastly head was dashed to the ground where it maintained a continuous outcry of ear piercing, nerve destroying screams, while the hostile rumblings of the incensed adversary caused the very earth to tremble as if in the deepest throes of a South American earthquake. The battle raged fiercely between these formidable psychic monsters until the excited bound belonging to the party of frightened witnesses began to bark loudly. The contestants, as if of one mind, forgot their differences and together swept down the despairing youths.

Their recollection of what followed is very vague. They only know that they were overcome with a sensation of a cold, clammy character, when every faculty failed them.

Mentality was completely destroyed and they only recovered from their lapse of memory when they found themselves struggling in the little creek about a half mile east of the terrifying scene. The dog was found frozen stiff on the bank. Every vestige of hair was missing and his tail had been amputated closely.

The boys refused to divulge their names for the reason that they were hunting without license and were possessed of an antipathy for legal entanglements.

## ENGINEER THROWN

Years ago when Paul Ryvere took his celebrated ride, little did he reckon that after a century of glory, a rival would sail forth and wrest the laurels from his worthy brow, but such is the case.

Sunday morning gave the citizens of Cape Girardeau a rare treat in the expert horsemanship (?) of a prominent engineer with the Little Rivers Drainage Company. Now whether it was a case of not strictly keeping holy the Sabbath day, or too much rider, and not enough horse, is the question, but there was grief and much of it.

Where there's a will there's a way, and the horse and rider had both, but the idea seemed to be which one had the most. Now judging from the narrow escapes of this mighty horseman, and the untiring efforts on the part of the beast to land his charge on the cold cold ground, one time nearly casting him into the depths of Beady's quarry, without success, one would have given the medal to the former, but alack and alas, pride goeth before fall, and the fall was to come hard. Had the animal accomplished his purpose on the outskirts of the city where traffic and people could not have witnessed it, it would have been far more considerate, but to carry him right down to the heart of town and there before the many Sunday church goers and passersby, give evidence that the beast was master of the man, by landing the latter and his six feet and 12 inches, on the pavement below, was the unkindest cut of all. There were no bones broken, but it was embarrassing to say the least, and the rider should be congratulated on the good natured way in which he took his plight, not blaming the horse altogether.

By way of suggestion to this young man, it would not be a bad idea to try Monday next time, instead of Sunday, and see if better luck will not come his way, or else get something his size to pick on.

## PROGRESSIVE NEWS SERVICE

Washington, Feb. 21.—Administration organs are hailing the result of the recent Congressional by-election in the Second Iowa District as another great victory for President Wilson, and are declaring enthusiastically that "the administration has been endorsed." This is the same song that was sung by the Democrats after the November elections in Massachusetts and New Jersey. The fact is that there is no more ground for Democratic encouragement in the election of a Democratic Congressman in Iowa than there was in the election of Democratic governors in Massachusetts and New Jersey. In each case the successful candidate was elected by a decided minority of the total vote, a minority, in fact, which is practically the same as that by which Mr. Wilson himself was elected President in 1912. The strikingly significant showing of the Iowa election is that despite all the talk about Mr. Wilson's increase in popularity throughout the country and all the hullabaloo that has been raised about his greatly successful legislative program and his year of "wonderful achievement" in the White House, the voters of the country who support him are still in the minority. He has made no gain whatever among the people. Mr. Wilson himself was quick to see that significant feature of the November results and followed that demonstration with the message to Congress in which he lifted a plank from the Progressive platform and declared in favor of Presidential primaries. It may now be expected, in view of the Iowa election, that he will soon find occasion to address Congress again, and will then extract another plank from the Progressive platform.

Help a contestant! Fill out the 10 vote coupon and mail to the Tribune office.

## LOCAL BUR- BANK GROWS GREAT CORN

Increases Feed Value and at Same Time Decreases Hardness

## WILL GROW ANYWHERE

This Wonderful Cereal Flourishes On Alluvial or Upland Soil

Cape Girardeau with all its boasts of a substantial nature but commonplace character, can boast of something that is as useful in the way of a grain as along the line of Burbank, in the person and work of one of its citizens, Mr. J. M. Fullerton. This gentleman has for years devoted time and effort in tedious experiment toward the development and perfection of a new variety of corn, and his efforts have at last been rewarded with success.

The corn not only possesses all the qualities ordinarily sought, but goes far beyond the expectations of the ordinary agriculturist and embraces certain features from a food standpoint that place it in an individual class. The grain is plump and full, and even when perfectly matured it can easily be crushed between the fingers. The meal is snowy white and of a texture almost as delicate as that of the finest flour. As a roasting ear, it is deliciously sweet. As a food for stock it is superior in every respect to the ordinary varieties, and especially is it preferable for the feeding of old stock whose teeth have become worn and impaired. While not the quickest in development, it reaches maturity fairly early and is in no danger of being nipped by the frosts.

Through the incessant and untiring efforts of Mr. Fullerton he has not only placed himself in the ranks of the foremost hybrid developers, but he has produced an article that will always maintain an inestimable value to both man and beast.

## SPLENDID NEW PLAYHOUSE

Something new and badly needed to supply a long felt want is an up-to-date show house, and it will no doubt be glad tidings to the amusement loving people of this city when they learn that such an institution is soon to be given them.

H. E. Alexander and Otto Kochitzky have completed arrangements for the construction of a fine new brick, fireproof opera house, which will be modern in every particular. It will be of dimensions 36x110 feet. It will be sanitary in every respect, equipped with ventilators, toilets, and exits. There will be a seating capacity of about 600. The stage will be arranged for the accommodation of speakers and special attention will be given to meeting the need of conventions and other assemblages in search of a suitable gathering place. Two picture machines will be installed and the interior arrangement of the building will be similar to that of the modern city theatres. The lobby will have a tiled floor, and no detail will be overlooked tending to make it an inviting place at which to seek recreation.

The building will be constructed on the property known as the Harry Alexander lot, on Broadway just across the street from the Republican office. When completed it will be leased to Henry Sanders, Chas. Winingham and R. M. Cowan, the latter of whom will act as manager. A picture show will be conducted but provisions will be made for the accommodations of other forms of theatrical attractions.

Work will begin at once and it is the desire of the management to bring the building to a state of completion ready for occupancy by May 1st. The building will stand alone, and the grounds surrounding will be made into grassy plots and flower beds, with promenades. Park benches will be provided, as well as chairs and tables where refreshments will be served during the hot summer evenings to those who seek relaxation and rest from their daily exertions.

A number of ceiling fans will be installed in the building and nothing will be neglected looking toward the comfort of the patrons.

## CRAWFORD DIES VERY SUDDENLY

Famous St. Louis Club Man and Insurance Leader Dies of Heart Failure

## WAS ILL ONLY ONE WEEK

Seem to be Improving Rapidly Until the Fatal Relapse Occurred.

G. Laey Crawford, 43 years old, prominent clubman, part owner and a member of the Board of Directors of the Cardinal baseball club, sportsman and insurance man, died suddenly at his home, 4251 West Pine boulevard, at 8:55 o'clock Thursday morning from heart trouble, following a serious attack of tonsillitis, with which he had been suffering a week.

Mr. Crawford's death was entirely unexpected, and was a shock to his family and friends. At 5 o'clock Wednesday afternoon his condition was considered excellent, and none of the members of his family thought he was in a critical condition.

He had a sinking spell shortly before 9 o'clock Thursday morning, and died in a few minutes.

### Throat Lanced Three Times.

Following the attack of tonsillitis last Friday, Mr. Crawford's throat swelled so badly it was necessary to lance it. The operations afforded him only temporary relief, and in the three or four days which followed his throat was lanced twice.

News of Mr. Crawford's death spread quickly in the downtown district and a report gained currency that it has resulted from an infection of the throat following the three operations. At the Crawford home a member of the family said the report was untrue and that death was caused by heart trouble.

A widow, who was Miss Perlie Bevis, and two children, James, 17 years old, who is a student at a Princeton preparatory school at Lawrenceville, N. J., and Lida, who is at home, survive Mr. Crawford. News of his death was telegraphed to the son, and the funeral arrangements will be made when a response is received to that message.

Mr. Crawford had long been prominent as a sportsman and as a "live wire" in the insurance business. He followed the fortunes of the Cardinals closely and always was enthusiastic as to the club's prospects, despite the fact that the team usually was either in last place or near there. His offices were with the firm of Barrows & Karst, in the Pierce Building.

Hundreds of Mr. Crawford's friends hardly could believe the news when it became known downtown that he had died. His health always was splendid, and until last Friday he was attending to his business as usual.

### Born in 1870.

Mr. Crawford was born Nov. 29, 1870, in St. Louis. He was a son of James E. and Mrs. Julia Crawford. He was educated in Smith Academy, St. Louis, and married Miss Perlie Bevis here, June 18, 1895.

Up to 1908 Mr. Crawford was engaged in the banking and brokerage business. He was employed by the National Bank of Commerce as assistant discount clerk and later assistant paying teller, from 1896 to 1898. In 1894 with his father, he established the firm of J. E. Crawford & Son, bond and stock brokers. After the death of his father, in 1901, until 1908 he was the sole proprietor of the company. He went into the general insurance business in 1908.

Mr. Crawford was a 32d degree Mason and held membership in Missouri Chapter, R. A. M.; Ascalon Commandery, Knights Templar, and Moulah Temple, Mystic Shrine; the Eagles, the Elks and the St. Louis Country, Racquet and King's Lake Hunting and Fishing clubs.

His principal recreations were horseback riding, hunting, fishing and motoring.

An old maid at 814-ten when asked if a stocking would hold what she wanted for Christmas, said "no but a pair of socks would."